

**EXHIBIT A**

January 3, 2023

Your Honour,

My name is Benjamin Ilg and I am writing this letter in regards to my Father Ronald Ilg. I am 19 years old and currently finishing my training to be a paratrooper for the United States Army, in Georgia. I would be present today to show my support for my Father, but unfortunately, the timing does not work with the training I am currently receiving for the Army. So instead, I write this letter so that maybe you may have an understanding of my feelings.

My father is someone I deeply respect and care for. I care about him not just because he is my father but because of the things he has done not just for me but anyone he has come across. He has always tried to care for anyone even now when he is at his lowest he still has tried to care for others, such as his cell mates.

He is and will always be the greatest father I could have asked for. He is the reason why I was able to join the military with confidence and he still supports me with any decisions I have made so far and helps me in any way he can, such as financial advice. Me and my father have always cared for one another, always trying to look out for each other or help one another. I had helped my father with setting up his office or painting his office with him so he could focus on other more difficult things. And he has done the same with me. Thanks to him and his advice I did not need to worry about my financial problems while I was training in the army. Additionally, he has tried to his best ability, to support me while I continue to grow into a respectable member of our society through my enlistment.

My Dad is a person that I have relied on and respected. He has worked hard in his life helping others within the community both through his professional role as a Doctor, religious affiliations, and volunteer organizations such as ski patrol or Maddies place. He has taught me many great lessons and helped me develop into the person I am today. He has shown me how to be strong and kind, and always put God and family first. Ron Ilg, or as I call him, Dad, is a wonderful person who has given everything to me and to those he knows. He may have made some mistakes along the way, but overall his intent

is always loving. I am writing this in his support so that you are aware that he has been a good person, a good friend, and a great Father.

Thank you for your time

Benjamin Ilg

January 10 2023

Your Honour,

I provide this character reference on behalf of Ronald Ilg. During my relationship with Ron, I have known him personally as a friend, husband, father, and business partner. We met 20 plus years ago when we were much younger and starting off on life's journey. Throughout that journey I have seen him raise my two oldest boys as his own with a kind loving heart while being a positive example as to what a good man should be to his family and community. Ron and I were blessed with another son together in 2003. Although Ron and my marriage did not last, we have remained co-parents for all of our boys, good business partners, and friends.

Ron and I bought our business together in 2008 and we continue to maintain this together. Ron and I have worked side by side to grow crops on our acreage all while giving our boys the ability to learn the responsibility of hard work and good work ethic. We continue to instill into them the importance of values, morals and being an active member of the community. Our business is family run and operated and we each come back during harvest to pitch in. Each member of the family has an active role during harvest and the success of the farm is dependent upon each individual. Ron, as a busy and well respected Doctor, sometimes would find it more difficult to participate but always did his best to make time, even using vacation days during this important time of year. His dedication to the family and the family business has never altered.

Ron has always been an exemplary example within the community. He has been a Neonatologist, working with the baby ICU, medical director, and volunteer both for Maddies Place and Mount Spokane Ski Patrol. Ron is a member of his church choir and an overall good individual. He has a big heart and likes to give to those around him, whether it be his time, charitable donations, leadership, or just a friendly ear to listen. Ron is a great person who I am happy to call my friend.

If your Honour wishes for me to confirm any of the information I have written in this reference, Please contact me at (509)954-8553.

Sincerely,

Correna Cockril

The Honorable Wm. Fremming Nielsen  
Senior United States District Judge  
P.O. Box 1493  
Spokane, WA 99210

Dear Judge Nielsen:

This letter is my attestation for my brother's (Dr Ronald Ilg) honorable and compassionate character.

I will introduce myself as his older brother, the second oldest amongst a family of 10 = eight children plus dad and mom. Of note, seven brothers and one sister. With that realization, imagine that family of ten in a house with one bathroom (no shower, just a bathtub and toilet) and one of the bedrooms occupied with five of the seven brothers. Many interesting and funny stories.

Furthering my introduction, my career path was similar to Ron = health care professionals and leaders within their organizations. I spent my 40 year health career as a Radiation Therapist (non MD) with 35 of those years in Administrative roles. I had many successes throughout my career and the acquisition of the first MRi Linear Accelerator in the Pacific Northwest is one of my proudest successes (\$14 Million project).

Growing up, Ron was one of the most spiritual of our Catholic raised family. The majority of us were "forced Catholics" but Ron was (and still is) true of his faith and practiced it diligently. He was very active within the youth Christian group, recognized as the student leader. Their group spent many days/hours furthering their faith knowledge and they spent significant time helping elderly and needy within the community.

I could list many attributes of Ron that proves his good character, kindness, compassion, family commitment etc. but I believe an actual account is best to validate his honorable character.

This event goes back to the years that we archery hunted for elk in eastern Oregon (Ukiah). I was 30 years old and a Manager of Radiation Oncology and Ron had completed his MD in pediatrics. Our typical "hunt" really wasn't 100% effort to get an elk but it was more hike/survival skill type challenge. In this period, I had open heart surgery to repair a congenital defective approximately 4 weeks before our elk hunt. And, like many health care professionals, I was not a very good patient. I went against physician orders and went elk hunting. As I mentioned, we mainly focused on hike/survival skill and this was one of those days. We decided to use our compasses to hike cross country and see if we could go from point A to 4 miles away, point B. Proudly, we accomplished the objective and progressed to the return trip. While Steve and I decided to return to Point A in reverse order, Ron desired more adventure and took another path. Well, Steve and I made it back before Ron and we decided to return to our base camp via the sole vehicle because we were too hungry to wait = "brothers will be brothers" 😊. We actually thought we would make it back prior to Ron. We were wrong. Upon our return to get Ron, we came upon him running on the logging road, approximately 2-3 miles from point A meeting place. The reason = he thought I had experienced a medical issue and he was desperate to get to me to render aid. Suffice it to say = he wasn't a happy camper when he found out we had left him to go eat.

That example is predominant of how he lives his life and profession – in essence he is a driven individual that has saved many of the most helpless type patients = newborns/premature newborns with conditions such as breathing disorders, infections and birth defects. Inclusive of newborns afflicted from drug addicted mothers. The latter is where Ron decided to work within the community to develop a specialized organization, Maddie's Place, for those mothers both pre



and post birth. He was the Medical Chairman of that organization. Another example of Ron's desire to be a leader in his community was his volunteering as a skilled "on the mountain" emergency ski patrol (he took many hours of advanced emergency training). Suffice it to say, he provided many people with emergency care on the ski slopes.

Because Ron and I had similar leadership roles within our professions, we would consult (and console) with each other throughout the years. We both shared similar values = patients came first with our colleagues coming in a close second. Separate from the challenge of providing patient care, as Leaders in our organizations, there were many challenges = government regulations, hospital organizational requirements, organizational politics, correct coding requirements, etc. One of the most challenging responsibility = leading a group of individuals with very strong personalities, skill levels and career objectives. Our rapport through the years allowed me to know Ron was a very effective Leader for his group (of course, I was better but that's a brothers competitiveness talking. Add to that, I was a better football player than Ron 😊).

This current situation has been very challenging for us, as a family. We have spent the last multiple years "this isn't Ron, it can't be true, etc." Adding to that was/is the covid restrictions implemented by Spokane County jail preventing the family from "being there" for him. Many hours spent teleconferencing is not the same as direct interaction but we all endured because we all maintained "this situation isn't our Ron and he is our brother that has been there for all of us through the years and we are going to stay with him regardless of the outcome." If we could control him and this situation = we would bring him home to be with us (we have all refocused ourselves to be within the vicinity of the family farm). We have entire confidence Ron will continue to provide life saving, compassionate care to infants, become a community leader and return to the ILG Family Gang.

In closing, if I could have a wish granted, I would be there to support Ron on January 24<sup>th</sup>. However, my wife is in Canada caring for her terminally ill mother which produces family needs here and preventing me from traveling.

X

Duane Ilg

1/20/2025

Let me start by introducing myself, and giving a brief background as to why my thoughts and strongly worded opinion of the gentleman who sits before the court.

My name is J.S. Nason, and I feel I am expert in the field of assessing, what has become known as "jail talk" or hiding behind a facade of fake remorse, because you got caught. Or if there is genuine remorse.

Unfortunately I was born with a hard head. From a young age I believed I was entitled to play by a different set of rules. For the early days of my life laws did not apply to me "I know ignorant interpretation of life." During that past period of my life, I almost convinced myself I was to live fast and rebel against whatever I didn't agree with. Growing up and reflecting back to my regretful past that molded me into a better person. I have endured painfully long stints of time away from my loved. Forced to live amongst what ever I would label as animals, degenerates, lost causes and the hopeless. For years I watched and listened to the schemes, scams, fast talking, game playing, conniving individuals of "the system" Years ago when I expected change in my own and expected the fact laws are meant to be followed, life is not meant to be lived fast. The older you are the slower you get. Those regrettable times of the past



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spent in those God awful places living with what "I called the wild animals, for painfully long periods of time. Gave me A very distinguishable talent to properly analyze and conceptualize of when someone is fast talking and scheming hiding behind a facade of deception. Or if there is genuine true remorse and regret.

So returning to a place I vowed to never return too. Walking into cell number 08, and taking a look at the guy I'm bunking with, immediately red flags were raised. Within a minutes conversation, I instantly jumped to the conclusion of "another one of those guys." Mr. Innocent here is the true victim and remorse and regret are only spoken of because the play got spoiled and he got caught. I've met plenty of these guys in the past. After countless hours of being cramped in a box together, having meaningful and compassionate conversations, Conveying of Life's struggles, regretful acts and the pain them acts caused. I started to question my super natural ability to assess what's called "Tail talk and fake remorse" in just a moments time of meeting someone. These prolong Lockdowns cramped in a box together you truly get to know someone. You really start to understand the twists and turns, trials and tribulations, pains and joys in a real sense.

Not that I'm willing to formally relinquish my uncanny ability to accurately assess, an incarcerated individuals conception and sorrowfulness. of something they regret



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I'm willing to amend the process and duly note in rare cases there is an exception to that process. In actuality there really are times where good guys, really do dumb unexplainable things. Once that dumb act gets set into motion, their wits to abort said plan just is not there, because that dumb act is not there now. Once it started to spiral from one thing to another and that hole got deeper, pretending it's not there is the only logical course of action. As irresponsible as it sounds sometimes people really do opt for the easy way out of dealing with an adverse situation in life, and do something incredible dumb.

The ultimate measure of man is not where he stands in moments of comforts and convenience, but where stands in in times of trouble and despair. I can honestly give a first hand account of the sincere goodness and remorse that emanates from him. With his daily mass readings, on his own accord orchestrating weekly bible studies. One-on-one prayer sessions with the other men here who are suffering from their own trouble and ailments, and have no one to turn to and ask for a prayer or encouraging words to brighten someones day. Even being in this animosity filled environment, to still see him have the eagerness to help another person, thrive in him. Is a tell-tale sign of empathy. To have a reputation in here for a young man to come and seek advice and guidance, and be given meaningful, life tools, that hopeful steer them into never returning to places like this.



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Everyday he has an opportunity to impact someones life, he seizes the moment and takes advantage of it. His natural interaction with people is to make a positive difference in their lives rather its a simple smile, a reassuring glance or some encouraging words. A sincere act of perpetual kindness. Even in places like this where people thrive off of other peoples suffering, and the tension is literally felt in the air everytime you step out of the cell. To me, that is a gift inherently given through the wisdom of God.

Even though being in a situation, where I had to question my uncanny ability to form opinions of incarcerated people. There one thing I never doubt or question, and that is when I can honestly see genuine pain, guilt and remorse from someone's ignorant actions. that landed them in such a regrettable place. With overwhelping certainty I can honestly say that I see a torturing sense of guilt that plagues him every second of the day. Even in this dreadful place where everyday is truly opaque, and the consequences are iminent, and still see him use his innate ability to put everyone who has been hurt from his actions first, in thought prayer and deed. I can say this because I have never seen him curse God or pray for his situation. His thoughts and prayers are constantly for the people who were traumatized over his inherently poor choice of decisions. Being able to recognize the remorse that consumes someone, is not a sign of being bequiled, nor is it the misguided act of condoning irrsosible behavior. Its the first step in a



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acknowledging and accepting responsibility and consequences of one impulsive actions. Some mistakes are helps not hindrances if you can own them and truly learn from them, and triumph over the utter disappointment of the inept choices that were made.

Reflecting on this letter and putting it into context I had to ask myself, why am I back in a place where I vowed I would never return to again. From the truly strange turn of events that were not from my doing led me back here. I have to reflect on my life and analyze what was missing from my life, to see what God's will was. As perplexing as this question was to me, because I made a biggest choice in my life long ago to walk the straight and narrow go back to college, be a devoted family man. Something was missing that I never thought would be a part of my life. In the oddest of circumstances it somehow hit me, and I didn't only know what was missing, but I felt it deep in my soul and deep in my heart, and knew what it was. To find Jesus, have a relationship with him and accept him into my life as my savior. Being a committed atheist for so long I thought it was impossible to penetrate the wall of religious hatred that was built around me. So considering the fact I shouldn't be in jail, I cursed God and I was literally told hours before being moved I was not under any circumstances going to be moved to the fifth floor. A strange twist of fate happened



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I was moved to the floor number five, cell number eight. Walking in there, which I was grateful to be on this floor, but was hesitant of my new cell-mate, especially seeing a bible on the desk after the door shut. Yes after a few words with this guy in cell-eight, first thoughts not only is he Mr. innocent. he is a bible thumper too. In casual conversation I explained I was not suppose to be moved on this floor and they just told me no! My cellmates response was "well God works in mysterious ways." I'm a strong believer that wise sayings often fall on barren ground. Being blind for so long and completely religious hesitant, I can't explain or understand how I was cured of my blindness, and accepted Christianity into my life. In a place I'm not supposed to be, on the floor I was told I wouldn't be on, in a cell with the unlikelyst of people, preaching to me. Don't know how or why but I'm here, the religious hatred wall was torn down. I suddenly was able to see, and something was accomplished that many people have tried to accomplish with me. This guy somehow did it, I'm in awe, but I'm so thankful for the gift of Christianity, the gift of sight, that will have a perpetual impact on my life. I owe that gratitude to my cell-mate. I have a clear understanding of some people in the bible went to prison because they knew God and was spreading his word, but I had to come here to meet God and learn his word. It really can't be

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described by any words how thankful I am to meet God through my cellmate. A kind gesture from a compassionate person, who is filled with goodness and has an eternal need to always help. I know now what the saying of God works in mysterious ways means. This time a wise saying did not fall on barren grounds. The soil was fertile and ready to yield. With that I'm thankful this stranger lurged into a friend, who was willing to help translate chaos into order and confusion into clarity and help cure my blindness. I pray this is a brief stay in a dreadful, and my reason for stopping by was to meet some who introduced me to God, which told me that I was doing the right thing of changing my life but God was missing from it. I couldn't do it without God. So a strange turn of events in my life taught me how to unlock the fullness of life, through God.

Sometimes in very rare and unique situations there really are good guys who do dumb things. So I feel from my life's experiences from my notoriously dark days of contingent of my past to these benevolent days of peace, love and tranquility I am a qualified expert in deciding when someone is hiding behind a facade of fake remorse or if it's genuine, care and concern from the selfish, inconsiderate, tragic acts that ruined the trust and faith of the people who loved him, and caused unimaginable pain and suffering that victims often endure. With my most qualified expert opinion, this is text book good guy dumb act.



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In closing, I just want to leave the readers of this letter with a couple questions, that I sincerely challenge to look deep within yourself and ask do we really live in a society, where the price of a mistake is punishment to the maximum extent available? Or do we live in a society where the words of remorse and悔意 still has meaning?

THOUGHTFULLY YOURS  
J.S. Nn